



THE
FLYTTING
BETWIXT
MONTGOMERIE
AND
POLVVART.



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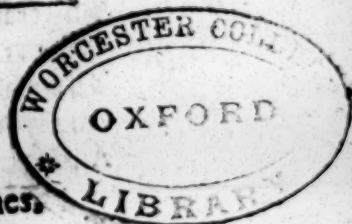


TO THE READER.

NO cankring Envy, Malice, nor Despite,
Stirr'd up these men so eagerly to flyte,
But generous Emulation, so in playes
Best Actors flyte and raile, and thousand wayes
Delight the itching eare; So wanton Curses
Wak'd with the gingling of a courteous spurres,
Barke all the night, and neuer seeke to bite:
Such braverie these Versers mov'd to write.
Would all that now doe flyte would flyte like those,
And lawes were made that none durst flyte in Prose;
How calme were then the World? Perhaps this Lam
Might make some madding Wines to stand in aw,
And not in filthy Prose out-raare their Men,
But reade those Roundelayes to them till then.
Flyting no reason hath, and at this time
Heere it not stands by Reason, but by Ryme,
Anger i' aswage, make Melancholy lesse,
This flyting first was wrate, now tholes the Presse.
Who will not rest content with this Epistle,
Let him sit downe and flyte, or stand and whistle.

POLWART
and
MONTGOMERIES
flytting.

Montgomerie to Polwart,



Olwart yee peip like a Mouse among thornes.
Na cunning yee keip, *Polwart* yee peip:
Yee looke like a sheep, and ye had twa hornes.
Polwart ye peip like a Mouse among thornes.

Beware what thou speiks little foule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breikes, beware what thou speiks,
Or there shall bee wat cheiks, for the last that thou made,
Beware what thou speiks, little foule earth Tade.

Foule mismade mytting, borne in the Merse,
By word and by wrytting, foule mismade mytting;
Leaue off thy flytting, come kisse my Erse,
Foule mismade mytting, borne in the Merse.

And we mell thou fall yell, little cultroun Cuiſt,
Thou fall tell, even thy sell, and wee mell thou fall yell,
Thy smell was ſa fell, and ſtronger than Muiſt,
And wee mell, thou fall yell, little cultroun Cuiſt.



Thou

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Thou art doeand and dridland like a foule beast,
Fykand, and fidland, thou art doeand, and dridland,
Srydand, and stridland, like Robin-red-brest,
Thou art doeand, and dridland, like a foule beast.

Polwarts reply to Montgomerie.

DEpitefull spider, poore of spreit,
Begins with babling mee to blame,
Gowke wyte mee not to gar thee greit,
Thy tratling, truiker. I fall tame,
When thou beleeuës, to win a name,
Thou fall bee banish'd of all beild,
And syoe receiue baith skaith and shame,
And sa bee forc'd to leave the field,

Thy ragged roundels, raveand Royt,
Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
With scabrous colours, fulsome floyt,
Proceiding from a pynt of wine,
Quhilk halts for laike offeete like myne,
Yet foole thou thought na shame to wryte them,
At mens command that laikes ingyne,
Quhilk doytet Dyvours, gart thee dyte them.

But gooked goose, I am right glaide,
Thou art begunne, in wryte to flyte:
Sen Lowne thy language I haue laid,
And put thee to thy pen to wryte:
Now dog I fall thee sa dispyte,
With pricking put thee to such speid,
And cause thee (Curre) that warkloome quyte,
Syne seike an hole to hide thy heid.

Ycc/de

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Yeelde knaue acknowledgethy offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and sa clair thee,
Aske mercie, make obedience.
In time for feare leist I forfair thee:
Ill spreit I will na langer spair thee,
Blaide black thee, to bring in a gyse,
And to drie pennance soone prepare thee,
Syne passe foorth as I shall devyse.

First fair threed-bair, with fundred feit,
Recanting thy vnseemely sawes,
In pilgrimage to Allarit,
Syne bee content to quyte the cause,
And in thy teeth bring mee the Tawes,
With beckes my bidding to abide,
Whether thou wilt let belt thy bawes,
Or kisse all cloffes that stands beside.

And of thir twa take thou thy chose,
For thy awin profite I procure thee,
Or with a prick into thy nose,
To stand content, I sall conjure thee,
But at this time thinke I forbair thee.
Because I cannot treat thee fairer,
Sit thou this charge, I will assure thee,
The second salbee something fairer.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

False fecklesse foulmart, loe heir a desyance,
Ga sey thy science, doe Droigh what thou dow,
Trot tyke to a Tow, Mandrag but myance,
We will heir tydance, peir'd *Polwart* of thy pow,

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Many yeald yew hast thou cald over a know,
Syne hid them in a how, starke theefe when thou staw them,
Mensweiring thou saw them, and made but a mow,
Syne tylde in the Row, when the man came that awe them.

Thy dittay was death, thou dare not deny it,
Thy trumperie was tryed, thy falsset they fand,
Burreau the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
Condemn'd to bee dry'd and hung vp fra hand:
While thou pay'd a pand, in that stowre thou did stand,
With a willie wand thy skin was weill scourged,
Syne feinzedly forged, how thou left the land,
Now Sirs I demand, how this Pod can be purged.

Yet wanshapen shir, thou shupe sik a sunzie,
As proud as yee prunzie, your pennes fall bee plucked,
Cum kisse where I cuckied, and change mee that cunzie,
Your gryses grunzie is gracelesse and gowked,
Your mouth must bee mucked, while yee bee instructed,
Foule flirdome, wansucked, tersell of a Taide,
Thy meter mismade, hath loufilie lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy termes in a flaide.

Little angrie Attercop, and auld vnsell Aipe,
Ye grein for to gape vpon the gray meir,
Play with thy Peir, or I'll pull thee like a Paipe,
Go ride in a raipe, for this noble new yeir:
I promise thee heir, to thy chafts ill cheir,
Except thou goe lier, to licke at the lowder,
With Potingars powder, thy selfe thou overfmeir
The Castell yee weir weill seiled on your shoulder.

This twife sealed trumper, with his tratling he trowes,
Mak ing vaine vowes, to match him with mee,
With the print of a key, weill brunt on thy browes,
Now God shall bee crowes, wherefra come yee

Polwart to Montgomerie.

For all your bombling, ye'r wa'rd a little wee:
I thinke for to see you hing by the heilis.
For termes that thou steilis ofauld Poetrie,
Now wha should trow thee, that's past baith the seilis.

Proud poyfond'd pykthanke, perverse and perjure,
I dow not indure it, to be bitten with a duik,
I's fell thee like a Fluik, flatlings on the flure,
Thy scrowes obscure are borrowed fra some buik,
Fra *Lindsay* thou tuik, thou'rt *Chancers* Cuik,
Ay lying like a Ruik, gif men wald not skar thee:
But beast I debar thee, the Kings Chimney nuik,
Thou flies for a looke, but I shall ride nar thee.

False strydand stickdirt, I's gar thee stinke.
How durst thou mint, with thy Master to mell,
One sike as thy fell, little pratling pinke,
Could thou not wair ink, thy tratling to tell,
Hoy hurson to hell, amang the fiends fell,
To drinke of that Well, that poyfond thy pen,
Where devils in their den, dois yammer and yell,
Heir I thee expell from all Christian men.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

BLeird babling bystour baird obey,
Learne skybald knaue to knaw thy fell,
Vile vagabond, or I invey,
Custroun with cusses thee to compell:
Yet, tratling truiker, trueth to tell,
Stoup thou not at the second charge,
Mischievous mishant, wee fall mell
With laidly language, loud and large,

Where

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Where Lowne as thou loues thy life,
I baith command and counsell thee
For to eschew this sturtsome strife,
And with thy manly Master gret,
To this effect, I summond thee,
By publick Proclamation,
Gowke to compeir vpon thy knee,
And kisse my soule foundation.

But Lord I laugh to see thee bluite,
Gloir in thy ragments, rash to raile.
With mighty manked, magled meiter,
Tratland, and tumbland, top over taile.
As Carlings compts their farts doyl'd snail,
Thy roustie ratrymes, made but mater.
I could weill follow, wald I seail,
Or prease to fish within thy water.

Onely because Owle thou dois vse it,
I will write verse of common kind.
And Swingeour for thy sake, refuse it,
To crabe thee bumbler, by thy mind,
Pedler, I pittie thee sa pin'd,
To buckell him thar beares the bell,
Iackstro bee better, anes ingyn'd,
Or I fell flyte against my fell.

But breisslie, beist, to answere thee,
In sermon short I am content,
And sayes thy similitudes, vnslie,
Are nawayes, verie pertinent,
Thy tyr'd comparisons a sklent,
Are monstros, like the Mule that made them,
Thy borrowed barkings violent,
Yet were they worse, let men out war them.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Also I may bee *Chancers* man,
And yet thy master, not the lesse:
But wolfe what wastes on Cup and Kan,
In Gluttony, thy grace I guesse;
Ga drunken Dyvour, thee addresse,
And borrow thee ambassad breiks,
To heare me now, thy praise expresse,
Knaue if thou can without wat cheiks.

First of thy just Genealogie,
Tyke I shall tell, the trueth I trow,
Thou was begotten, some sayes me,
Betwixt the Devill and a dun Kow,
Ane night when that the fiend was sow,
At banket birland at the beir,
Thou sowked syne, a sweit brod sow,
Among the middings many a yeir.

On ruins and runches, in the field,
With nolt thou nourish'd was a yeir,
Whill that thou past baith poore and peild,
Into Argyle, some lair to leir,
As the last night, did weill appeir,
When thou stood fidgeing at the fyre,
Fast fykand, with thy Heiland cheir,
My flyting forc'd thee so to flyre.

Into the Land where thou was borne,
I read of nocht but it was skant,
Of Cattell, Cleithing, and of Come,
Where wealth, and weilfair baith doth want,
Now Tade face, take this for na tant,
I heare your housing is right fair,
Where howlering howlets, ay doth hant,
With Robin-red-brest, but repair.

Palwart to Montgomerie.

The Lords and Lairds, within that Land,
I knaw are men of meikle rent,
And living as I vnderstand,
Quhilk in an Innes, wee bee content
To leue and let their house in Lent:
In Lentron month, and the lang Sommer,
Wheretwelve Knights kitchins hath a vent,
Quhilk for to furnish dois them cumber.

For store of Lambs, and lang-tail'd Wedders,
Thou knawes there many couples gars,
For stealing tyed fast in tedders,
In fellon flockes of anes and twaes,
Abroad athort your bankes and braes,
Ye doe abound in Coale and Calke,
And thinkes like fooles to fley all faes,
With Targats, tulzies and toome talke.

Alace poore hood-pikes, hunger-bitten,
Accustom'd with scurrilitie:
Ryding like boystures, all beshitten
In fields, without fertility,
Bare, barren, with sterilitie,
For fault of cattell, corne and gerse,
Your banquets of most nobilitie,
Deare of the Dog brawne in the Merse.

Witleffe vanter, were thou wise,
Custroun thou wald, *Cor mundum* cry,
Ou'r raiden lowne, with lang-tail'd lyce,
Thy doytit dytings soone deny,
Trouker, or I thy trumperie try,
And make a legend of thy life:
For flyte I anes, folke will cry fy,
Then thou'll bee ward with every wife.

*Polwarts Medicine to Montga-
merie being sicke*

SIr Swinger seeing I want wares,
And salves to slake thee of thy saires,
This present from the Potheccares,
Mee thinke meete to amend thee.

• First for thy fever feed on soly,
With fasting stomach take oyld-oly,
Mixt with a mouthfull of Melancholy,
From fleame for to defend thee.

Syne passe a space, and smell a flowre,
Thy inward parts to purge and scowre,
Take thee three bits of an blacke howre,
And Ruebarb, bach and bitter.

This duely done but any din,
Sup syne sex sops, but something thin,
Of the Devill scald thy guts within,
To heale thee of thy skitter.

Vnto thy bed syne make thee bown,
Take a sweit Syrop worth a crowne,
And drinke it with the Devill ga downe,
To recreat thy spreit.

And last of all, craig in a Cord,
Send for a powder and pay for'd,
Call'd the vengeance of the Lord,
For thy mug mouth most meit.

Gif this preserve thee not fra paine,
Passe to the Pothingars againe,
Some recipies does yet remaine,
To heale bruik, byle or blister.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

As *diadragma* when ye dine,
Or *diabolicon* wat with wine,
With powder, I drait fellow fine,
And mair yet when yee mister.

Montgomeries answere to Polwart.

Vyle venemous viper, wanthriftest of things,
Half an Elf, half an Ape, of Nature denyit,
Thou flait with a countrey, the quhilk was the Kings,
But that bargan, vnbeast deare shall thou buy it,
The cuff is weill waired, that twa hame brings,
This Proverb foull pelt, to thee is applyit,
First Spider of spite, thou spewes out springs,
Yet wanshapen woubet of the weirds invyit,
I can tell thee, how, when, where, and quha gat thee,
The quhilk was neither man nor wife,
Nor humane creature on life,
Thou stinkand steirat vp of strife,
False howlat, haue at thee.

In the hinder end of haruest, on Alhallow even,
When our good neighbours dois ryde, gif I read right,
Some buckled on a buneward, and some on a been,
Ay trotand in troupes, from the twylight,
Some sadleand a shoe Aipe, all graithed into green,
Some hobland on an hempstalk, hoveand to the hight,
The king of Pharie, and his court, with the Elfe Queene,
With many Elrich Incubus, was rydand that night,
There an Elf on an Aipe, ane vnsell begat,
Into a pot, by Pomathorne,
That bratchart, in ane busse was borne,
They fand a monster on the morne,
War fac'd nor a Cat.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Reavens rugand, at that ratton, be a Ron ruit,
They mused at the Mandrake, ynmade like a man,
A-Beast bund with a bonevand, in an old buit,
How that gaist had bein gotten, to gesse they began,
Weill swy'd in a Swynes skinne, and smirit over with suit,
The belly that it first bair, full bitterly they ban,
Of this misimade Mowdewart, mischief they muit,
That cruiked, camchoche, croyll, vncirstned they curse,
 They bade that baich sould not bee but
 The glengoir, gravell, and the gur,
 And all the plagues that first were put
 Into *Pandoras* purse.

The cogh, and the connogh, the collick and the cald,
The cords, and the cout-evill, the clasps and the cleiks,
The hunger, the hart-ill, and the hoist still thee hald,
The botch, and the barbles, with the Cannigate breiks,
With bockblood, and beanshaw, speven sprung in the spald,
The fersie, the falling-evill, that tels many freiks,
Overgane all with Angleberries as thou growes ald,
The kinkloft, the charbuckle, and wormes in the cheiks.
The snuff and the snoir, the chaudpeece, and the chancker,
 With the blaid and the belly thraw,
 The bleiring bats, and the beanschaw,
 With the mischief of the melt and maw,
 The clap and the canker.

The frencie, the fluxes, the fyk, and the felt,
The feavers, the searcie, with the speinzie flees,
The doyt, and the dismall, indifferently delt,
The powlings; the palfay, with pockes like pees,
The siverf, and the sweiting, with sounding to swelt,
The weame-ill, the wild-fire, the vomit, and the vees,

Montgomerie to Polwart.

The mair, and the migrame, with meathes in the melt,
The warbles, and the wood-worme, whereof dogges dies,
The teafick, the tooth-aik, the tittes and the tirls.

The painfull poplesie and pest,
The rot, the roup, and the auld rest,
With pearles and plurifies opprest,
and nip'd with the nirls,

Woe worth (quoth the weirds) the wights that thee brought,
Threed-bare be their thrift, as thou art wanthreivin,
Als hard bee their handsell, that helps thee to ought,
The rotten rim of my womb with Rookes salbe reivin,
All bounds where thou bydes, to baill shalbe brought,
Thy Gall, and thy Guisserne, to Glaisd fall bee given,
Ay short bee thy solace, with shame bee thou sought,
In hell mot thou haunt thee, and hide thee fra Heavin,
And ay as thou auld growes swa eikand be thy anger.

To liue with limmers, and outlawes,
With hurchcons, eatand hips add hawes,
But where thou comes, where the Cock crawes,
Tary there na langer.

Shame and sorrow on her snout, that suffers thee to sowke,
Or shoe that cares for thy cradill, could be her cast,
Or brings any bedding for thy blae bowke,
Or louses off thy lingals, sa lang as they may last,
Or offers thee any thing, all the lang owke,
Or first refresheh thee with food, howbeit thou sould fast,
Or when thy duddes are bedirten, that giues them a dowke,
All groomes when thou greits, at thy ganting bee agast,
Als froward bee thy fortune, as foule is thy forme,

First seven yeirs, be thou dumb, and deiff,
And after that a common theiff,
Thus art thou marked for mischeiff,
Foule vnworthy worme.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Vntrow'd be thy tongue, yet tratling all times,
Ay the langer that thou liues, thy lucke be the lesse,
All countries where thou comes, accuse thee of crimes,
And false be thy fingers, but leath to confesse,
Ay raving, and rageing, in rude rat rymes,
All ill be thou vseand, and ay in excesse,
Ilke Moone be thou mad, fra past be the primes,
Still plagu'd with povertie, thy pryde to oppresse.
With Warwolfes, and wild Cats, thy weird be to wander.
 Draglit throw dirtie dubs and dykes,
 Toussled and tuggled with towne Tykes,
 Say lousie lyar what thou lykes,
 Thy tongue is na sclander.

Fra the sisters had seene the shape of that shit,
Little lucke bee thy lot, there where thou lyes,
Thy fowmard face, quoth the first, to flyt salbe fit,
Nicneven quoth the next, fall nourish thee twyse,
To ryd Post to Elphin, nane abler nor it,
To dryue dogs but to dryt, the third can devise,
All thy dayes fall thou bee, of a body but a bit,
Als such is this sentence, as sharp is thy syse,
Syneduely they deem'd, what death it should die:
 The first said surely of a shot,
 The second of a running knot,
 The third bee throwing of the throt,
 Lyke a tyke over a tree.

When the weird sisters, had voted all in a voyce,
The deid of the dablet, and syn they withdrew,
To let it ly all allaine, they thought it little losse,
In a den be a dyke, or the day dew:
Than a cleir company; came soone after crosse,
Nicneven with her nymphes, in number anew,
With charmes from Catnesse, and Chenrie of Rosse,

Whose

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Whose cunning consists in Casting of a Clew,
They seeing this fairie thing, said to them self,
This thriftles thing is meit for vs,
And for our craft commodious,
Ane vglie Ape, and Incubus,
Gotten with an Elf.

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the world call witches,
In the time of their triumph, tirr'd mee the Tade,
Some backward raid on brod sowes, and some on blacke bitches
Some in steid of a staig, over a starke Monk straid,
Fra the how to the height, some hobles, some hatches,
With their mouths to the Moone, murgeons they maid,
Some be force in effect, the foure winds fetches,
And nine times withershins, about the thorne raid,
Some glowring to the ground, some grievously gaipes,
By craft conjureand fiends perforce
Furth of a Cairne, beside a croce,
The Ladies lighted fra their horse,
And band them with raipes.

Syne bare-foote, and bare-leg'd to baptize that bairne,
Till a water they went, be a wood side,
They fand the shir, all beshitten in the awin shearne,
On three headed *Hecatus*, to heir them they cryde,
As we haue found in the field, this fondling forfairne,
First his faith hee forsakes, in thee to confyde,
Be vertue of thir words, and this raw yearne,
And whil this thrife thretty knots, on this blew threed byd,
And of thir mens members, well sow'd to a shoe,
Whilks we haue tane, fra top to tae,
Even of an hundreth men and mac,
Now grant vs goddesse or we gae,
Our dueties to doe.

Be the height of the hevins, and be the hownesse of hell,

Be

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Be the winds and the weirds, and the Charlewaine,
Be the hornes, the handstaff, and the kings ell,
Be thunder, be fyreflaughts, be drouth, be raine,
Be the Poles and the Planets, and the Signes all twell,
Be the marknes of the Moone, let mirknes remaine,
Be the Elements all, that our crafts can compell,
Be the fiends infernall, and the furies in paine,
Gar all the Gaiills of the deid, that dwels there downe,
 In *Lethe* and *Styx* thae stinkand stands,
 And *Pluto* that your Court commands,
 Receiue this howlat aff our hands,
 In name of *Mahowne*.

That this worme in our worke, some wonders may wirke,
And through the poyson of this Pod, our pratiques prevaill,
To cut aff our cumber, fra comming to the Kirk,
For the half of our help, and hes it heir haill,
Let never this vndoght, of ill doing irk,
But ay blyth to begin, all barret and baill,
Of all bleffe let it be, als bair as the birk,
That tittest the tadrell may tell ane ill taill,
Let no vice in this warld, in this wanthrift bee wanted.
 Be they had said, the fyreflaughts flew,
 Baith thunder, raine, and winds blew,
 Wherebe their comming, commers knew
 Their asking was granted.

When thae Dames devoutely had done their devore,
In heaving this hurcheon, they hasted them hame,
Of that matter to make, remained no more;
Saving next how thae Nunnes, that working should name.
They kow'd all the kytrall, the face of it before,
And nipp'd it sa doones neir, to see it was shame.
They call'd it peil'd *Polwart*, they pu'd it so sore,
Where we clip quoth the commers, there needs na kame.
For we haue height to *Mahoun* for handsell this hair,
 They made it like a scraped swyne,

Montgomerie to Polwart.

And as they Cowk'd they made it whryne,
It shav'd the self, ay sensyne,
The beard of it sa bair.

Fra the Kummers that Crab, had with *Pluto* contractit,
They promiseit as parents, syne for their awin part,
A mover of milchief, and they might for to make it,
As an Imp of all ill, maist apt for their Art,
Nicneven as nurish, to teach it, gart take it,
To faile sure in a seiff, but compasse or Cairt,
And milk of a hairn tedder, thought wiues should be wrakit,
And the Kow gifa chopin, was wont to giue a quart,
Many babes, and bairnes, fall blisse thy bair banes,
When they haue neither milk nor meill,
Compeid for hunger for to steill,
Then fall they giue thee to the Deill,
Able offer nor anes.

Beane a'fter midnight, their office was ended,
At that ty'd, was na time, for troumpers to tary,
Syne back ward on horseback, brauely they bended,
That camm osed Cocatrice, they quyte with them cary,
To *Kait of Creif* in a creill soone they gar'd send it,
Where sevin veir it sat, baith singed and sarie,
The kin of it be the cry, incontinent kend it,
Syne fetch't foot for to feid it, soorth fra the Pharie,
Lik Eif of them all, brought an almous house Oster.
Indeid it was a dainty dish.
A foule flegmatick foulsome fish,
In steid of fause, on it they pish,
Sik food, sed sik a foster.

Syne fra the fathers side, finely had fed it,
Many monkes and marmasits, came with the mother,
Black botch fall the breist, and the belly that bred it.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

As offered they that vndoght, fra ane to another,
Where that smatched had sowlked, sa fair it was toshed it,
But belyue it began, to buckie the brother,
In the barke of a bourtree, whylome they bed it.
All talking with their tongues, the one to the other,
With flirring, and flyring, their Physnome they flype.
Some luikand lyce, in the crowne of it keeks,
Some choppes the kiddes into their cheeks,
Some in their oxster hard it clecks,
Like an auld bag-pipe.

With mudyones, and murgeons, and moving the braine,
They lay it, they lift it, they louse it. they lace it,
They graip it, they grip it, It greets and they grane,
They bed it, they baw it, they bind it, they brace it,
It skittered, and skarted, they skirl'd ilk ane.
All the Ky in the countrey they skarred, and chaced
That roaring, they wood-ran, and routed in a reane,
The wild Deere fra their den, their din hes displaced,
The cry was so ouglie, of Elfes, Aipes, and Owles,
That geise and gaisling, cryes and craikes,
In dubs douks down, Duikes and Draikes,
All beafts for feir the fields forsaiques,
And the towne Tykes yowles.

Sik a mirthlesse Musick thir menstralls did make,
Whill Ky kest caprels, behind with their heeles,
Littill tent to their time, the Toone leit them take,
But ay rammeist redwood, and ravel'd in their reeles,
Then the cummers that yee ken came all with a clacke,
To conjure that coidyoch, with clewes in their creeles,
Whill all the bounds them about grew blaikned and blacke,
For the din of thir daiblets, raisde all the deiles,
To concurre in the canse they were come sa far,
For they their god-bairne gifts wald giue,
To teach the child, to steale and reiuie,

C

And

Palwart to Montgomerie.

And ay the langer that it liue,
The world ould be the war.

*Polwarts third flytting against
Montgomerie.*

INfernall frawart, feaming furies fell,
Curst, canker'd, crabed (*Clotho*) helpe to quell,
Yon *Caribald*, yone catiue execrabil,
Provide my pen profoundly to distill,
Some dure despite to daunt yon devill of hell,
And driue with doole, to death detestabil,
This mad malicious monster miserabil,
Ane tyke tormented, trotting out of toone,
That rymes red wood at ilke middes of the Moone,

Renew your roaring rage, and eager ire,
Inflam'd with fearefull thundring, thuddes of fire,
To plague this poysond pykthank, pestilent,
With flying fireflaughts, burning bright and shyre,
Devoir yon devilish dragon, I desire,
And waste his wearied venome violent,
Conjure this beastly begger impotent,
Suppress all power of this evill spirit,
That bydes and barks in him as black as Ieir,

But reekie Rookes and Ravens or ye ryue him,
Desist, delay his death, whill I descriue him,
Syne rypely to his raving rude reply,
To dreadfull dolour, dearfly or yee dryue him,
Throw *Plutoes* power, pleasure to deprive him,
The lown may licke his vomit, and deny,
His shameles sawes, like Sathans slavish siry.
Whose maners, with his mismade members heir,
Doe correspond, as plainly doth appeir.

His

Polwart to Montgomerie.

His peilled pallat and vnpleasant pow,
The fulsome flocks of flies dois overflow,
With wames and wounds all blaikned full of blaines,
Out over the neck, athort his nitty now,
Ilke louse lyes linkand, like a large lint bow,
That hurts his harnes, and pearle them to his paines,
Whill wit and vertue vanishe fra the vaines,
With scarts and scores, athort his frozen front,
In rankels runne within the stewes all brunt.

His lugs baith lang and leane, wha can but lacke,
That to the Tron hes tane so many a tacke,
With blasted bowels, bowden with bruised blude,
And happning hairs, blawin widtherfunsaback,
Foot foundred beasts, for fault of food, full weake,
Hes not their haire so sood as other good,
The bleared Bucke, and boystrous to conclude,
Hes right trim teeth somewhat set in a thraw,
[Ane topped turde, right toughly for to taw,

With laidly lips, and lyming side turnde out,
His nose well lit in *Bacchus* blood about,
His stinking end, corrupted as men knawes,
Contagious cankers, carues his snaffling snout,
His shaven shoulders, shawes the markes no dout,
Of teugh tarledders, tyres and other tawes,
And girds of Galeyes growand now in gawes,
Swa all his fousome forme thereto effeirs,
The which for filth, I will not file your eires.

The second part of *Polwarts*
third flytting.

BVt of his conditions to carp for a whyle,
And compt you his qualities, compast with cair,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Appardon me Poets to alter my stile
And wisse my verse, for syling the aire,
Returning directly againe to *Argile*.
Where last that I left him, baith bairfoot and bair,
Where rightily I reckoned, his race verie vyle,
Discending of Devils, as I did declair.

But quhilk of the gods, will guyde me aright,
Abhorring so abhominable,
Sa doolefull, and detestable:
Sa knavish, canker'd, execrable,
And waried a wight.

In *Argyle* amang Gaits, he gead within glennes,
Ay there vsing offices, of a bruit beast,
Whill blisselesse was banish'd, for handling of hennes,
Syne forward to *Flanders*, fast fled or hee ceast,
From poore anes the pultrie he plucked be the pennes
Delighting in theft, the heart of his breast,
And courage inclin'd, to knaverie men kennes,
To pestilent purposes plainly he preast,

But truely to tell all the trueth vnto you,
In nowayes was hee wyse,
He vsed baith Cairts and Dyce,
And fied no kind of vyce,
Or few as I trow.

He was a false Schismatick, notoriously named,
Both whoredome and homicide, vnsell he vsed,
With all the seven sinnes, the smatched was shamed,
Pride, ire, and envy, this vndoght abused,
For greedy covetousnesse, bitterly blamed,
For bawdrie, and bordelling, luckles he loued,
Thirst, drynes, and drunkennes, the dyvour defamed,
False, fenziет, with flyting, and flattery infused,
Maist sinfull, and sensuall, shame to reherse,
Whose feckles foolishnes,

And

Polwart to Montgomerie.

And beastly bruklenes,
Can no man as I gesse,
Weill put into verse.

A warloch, a warwolfe, a woubet but hair,
A deill, and a Dragon, a deid Dromadarie,
A counterfoot custroun, that clarks dois not cair,
A clavering cohoobie, that cracks of the Pharie,
Whose favourles phisnorne, doth duellie declair,
His vices, and viciousnes, although I wald vary,
Arcandam's Astrology, a lanterne of lair,
Affirmes his bleardnes, to wisdome contrarie,
Betaikning, baith babling, and beldneffe of age,
Great fraud, and foull deceit,
Cappit, with quyet conceit,
Witnes some verse he wreit,
Halfdaft in a rage.

His Anagramme also, concerning that cace,
Sayes surely, it's a signe of a lecherous lowne,
His palenes next partly, with brown in the face,
Arcandam ascriues, to babling ay bowne,
And tratling intemperat, tymeles, but place,
A cowart yet cholerick, and drunke in ilke town,
And als his asseares, they signe in short space,
Thefrantick foole sall grow madlike *Mahowne*,
But yet shall hee liue long, whilk alas were a losse,
For sik a tryed traitour,
And babling blasphematur,
Was never form'd of nature,
Sa gooked a Goose.

Whose origine noble, the note of his name
Cal'd Etimologie, beirs rightly record,
His surname doth flow, fra twa termes of diffame,
Fra *Mont* and *Gomora* where devils be the Lord,

[His

Polwart to Montgomerie,

His kinsmen was cleinly cast out to his shame,
That is of their clan, whom Christ hath abhor'd,
And beiris of the birth place, their horrible name,
Where *Sodomite* sinners, with stinking were smor'd,
Now-ten all is suith that's said of this smy,
Vnto that capped Clark,
And pretty peice of wark,
That bitterly doth bark,
I may this reply.

*Polwarts last flytting against
Montgomerie.*

Vyle villaine vaine, and war nor I haue tauld thee,
Thy withered wame, is damnaified and dry'd,
Beslitten boystour, baldly I forbad thee,
To mell with me, or els thou sould deare buy it,
Thy speach but purpose, sporter is espyed,
That writes of witches, warlocks, wraiths, and wratches,
But investiuies against him well defyed,
Rob Stevin thou raues, forgetting whom thou matches,

Leaue boggles, brownies, Gyre-carlings, and Gaists,
Dastard thou daffes, that with such devilric mels,
Thy peil'd preambles over prolixly lasts,
Thy reasons favors of reek and nothing els,
Thy sentences, of suit sa sweetly smels,
Thou sat sa neir the chimney nuik that made them,
Fast be the Ingle, among the Oyster shels,
Dreidand my danger, durst not weill debate them,

Thy tratling, Truiker, wald gar Taides spew,
And Carle Cars weepe vinegar with their eine,
Thou said I borrowed, blads that is not trew,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

The contrary fals smatched falbe scene,
I never had of that making yee meine,
A verse in write, in print, or yet perqueir,
Quhilk I can proue, and cleanse me wonder cleine,
Thogh single words no writer can forbeir.

To proue my speeches probable, and plaine,
Thou must confesse thou vsed my invention,
I reckoned first thy race, syne thou againe,
In that same sort, made of thy Master mention,
Thy wit is weake, with me to haue dissention,
For to my speech thou never made reply,
At liberty to lye is thy intention,
I answer ay, quhilk thou cannot deny,

Thy friends are fiends, of Apes thou senzies mine,
With my assistance, saying all thou can,
I count sik kinred, better yet nor thine,
Chiefly of beasts, that most resemble man,
Grant gif that my inuention wars thine then,
Without the whilk, thou might haue barked waist,
I laid the ground, whereon thou best began,
To big the brig, whereof thou brags maist.

Thy lack of judgement, may beals perceaved,
Thirtwa chiefpoynts of reason wants in thee.
Thou attributs to Apes, where thou hes reaved,
The ills of horse, a monstrous sight to see.
Na marvell thogh ill won, ill waired be,
For all these ills, thou staw I am right certain,
From *Semples* dytements, of a horse did die,
Of *Porterfields*, that dwelt into *Dumbartan*.

Among the ills of Aipes, that thou hes tauld,
Thogh to a horse, perteing properly,
Thou puts the spaven, in the forder spauld,
That vses in the hinder hogh to bee,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Fra horsemen anes thy cunning heere and see,
I feare auld *Allan* get na mair adoe,
Alace poore man he may lye downe and die.
Synethou's succeed to weare the silver shoe.

Farder thou flies with other fowles wings,
Over-cled with cleirer collours than thine awins
But specially with some of *Semples* things,
Or for a plucked goose, thou had beene knawin;
Or like a Cran, in mounting soone o'rethrowen,
That must take ay, nyne steps before shoe flie,
So in the gout, thou might hane stand and blowen,
As long as thou lay gravelled, like to die.

I speak not of thy vitious divisions,
Where thou pronounces, and yet propones but part,
Incumbred with sa many tryed confusions,
Quhilk shawes thy rime, but rhethorick or airt,
Thy memory is short beshrew thy hart,
Telling a thing over twyse or thryse at anes,
And cannot from a proper place depart,
Except I were to frig thee with whin stanes,

The things I said if that thou wald deny,
Meaning to wry the verity with wyles,
Lick where I laid and pickle of that pye,
Thy knaverie, credence fra thee quyte exyles,
Thy fecklesse folly, all the aire desyles,
I finde sa many faults, ilke ane over vther,
First I must tell thee all thy stately styles,
And syne bequeath thee to thy birken brother.

Fond flytter, shyt shyter, bacon bytter, all desyl'd,
Blunt bleittar, paddock pricker, puddin eiter, perverse,
Hen plucker, closet mucker, house cucker, very vyld,
Tauny cheeks, I thinke thou speiks, with thy breiks, foule erse,
Wood-

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Wood-tyk, hood-pyk, ay lyke, to liue in lacke,
Flowre the pin, scabbed skin, eat it in, that thou spake.

Gumme gade, bald skade, foule fa'd, why flait thou soole,
Steill Yow, fill tow, thou dow, not defend thee,
Quha kend, thy end, false fiend, phantastick mule,
Thief smy, they wald cry, fy fy, to gar end thee,
Sweir sow, doyl'd kow, ay sow, foule fall thy banes,
Very wyld, desyl'd, ay wood-wyld, ilke moneth anes.

Tary tade, thou's defate, now debate, if thou dow,
Hush padle, licke ladle, shyte sadle, do thy best,
Creishie foutter, shoe cloutter, minch moutter, dar thou mow,
Ragged railer, sheepe stealer, double dealer, thou's be drest,
Faile preif, leane theif, mischeif, fall thy lippes,
Blaird beard, thy reward, is prepar'd, for thy hippes.

Erse flaiker, gley'd glaiker, roome raiker, for reliefe,
Lunatick, frenatick, schismatick, Swingeour sob,
Turd fac'd, ay chaf'd almaist fyld for a theif,
Misly kyt, and thou flyt, Ile dryte in thy gob,
Tait mow, wilde sow, soone bow, or I wand thee,
Hell ruik, with thy buik, leaue the nuik, I command thee,

Land lowper, light skowper, ragged rowper, like a Raven,
Halland shaker, draught raiker, bannock baiker, all beshitten,
Craig in perill, toome the barrell, quyt the quarell, or bee shaven,
Rude ratler, common tratler, poore pratler, out flitten,
Hell spark, scabbed Clark, and thou barke, I fall belt thee,
Skade scald, ouerbald, soone fald, or I melt thee.

Low sie lugs, leape jugs, toome the mugs, on the midding,
Tanny flanke, redshank, pykthank, I must pay thee,
Spew bleck, widdie neck, come and becke at my bidding,
False Lowne, make thee bowne, *Mahowne*, mon haue thee,
Rank ruittour, scurlie whittour, and juitour, nane fower,

Palwart to Montgomerie.

Decrest, opprest, posselt, with *Plutoes* power.

Capped knaue, proud flaue, ye raue, ay vnrocked,
Whiles flaverand, whiles taverand, whiles waverand, with wine
Greedy gouked, poore & plucked, il instructed, ye's be knocked,
Gley'd gangrell, auld mangrell, to the hangrell, and sa pyne,
Calumniatour, blasphematur, vyle creature vntrew,
Thy cheiping, and peiping, with weiping thou shall rew.

Mad manter, vaine vaunter, ay haunter in slavery,
Pudding pricker, bang the bicker, nape quicker, in knavery,
Kailly lips, kisse my hips, into grips, thou's behind,
Baill brewer, poyson spewer, mony trewer, he's belapind,
Swyne keiper, land leiper, tuird steiper, from the drouth,
Leane limmer, steale gimmer, I fall skimmer in thy mouth.

Flye'd foole, mad muile, die with doole, on an aike,
Knaue kend, Christ send, ill end, on thee now,
Pudding wright, out of sight, thou's be dight, like a draike,
Lock blunt, thrawin frunt, kisse the cunt, of the Kow,
Purse peiller, hen steiller, Cat killer, now I quell thee,
Rubiatur, fornicatur, by nature, foule befall thee.

Tyke sticker, poyson'd Viccar, potlicker, I mon pay thee,
Fear'd flyar, loud lyar, gooked gleyar, on the gallows,
Lock blunt, deid runt, I fall dunt whill I slay thee,
Buttry bag, fill knag, thou will rag, with my fellows,
Tyr'd clatterer, skin batterer, and flatterer of friends,
Vyld widdered, misordered, conferred with fiends,

Blind brook, loose dock, bor'd block banish'd townes,
Alace, thiefs face, na grace, for that grunzie,
Beld bisser, marmiffed, lansprezed, to the lownes,
Deid dring, dry'd sting, thou will bing, but a funzie,
Lick butter, throat cutter, fish gutter, fill the fetter,
Come bleitand, and greitand, fast citand, thy laidly letter.

F I N I S.

